

Shooting of Col. Z. T. Young.

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Last Saturday about 3 p. m. as Col. Z. T. Young, a prominent lawyer of Morehead, was returning home from Elliottsville, a village 8 miles east of Morehead, he was shot by some cowardly cur in ambush. It was $\frac{1}{2}$ snowing very hard, and Col. Young had his hat pulled down over his eyes as a protection against the snow, and was riding leisurely, never dreaming that a cowardly assassin, who had not the nerve to face him, was seeking to take his life unawares. The keen crack of a 44-calibre pistol, the sting of the bullet in Col. Young's right shoulder, awoke him to a realization of his danger. He attempted to draw his pistol, but his shoulder was so lamed by the shot that he could not reach it. He then put spurs to his horse and ran to Morehead, a distance of three miles, and as he ran another shot was fired at him, but without effect. He says he saw two men, but could not recognize either. The wound though very painful, is not considered dangerous.
